America the Pitiful

Master

Oh pitiful for smoggy skies
With amber lanes of waste
With Dreadful mountain poverty's
So many infants slainAmerica, America
God shed his wrath on thee
No livelihood, It's just not good
From sea to blackened seaTime ticks away, but still they play
With plans of conquering
The industry, they think they're free
Toy soldiers of the damnedAmerica, America
God shed his death on thee
No livelihood, it's just not good
From sea to blackened seaOh Beautiful for spacious skiesWith amber waves of grain
With purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plainAmerica, America
God shed his grace on thee
With crown thy hood and brotherhood
From sea to shining sea

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